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Weekly



Herald.

INDEPENDENT IN ALL THINGS; RESPONSIBLE FOR NOTHING.

VOL. VI.

CLEVELAND, TENN., NOVEMBER 11, 1881.

NO. 44.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

Regular rates of advertising, \$1 per square first insertion, and 50 cents each subsequent insertion.
Special contracts will be made for all advertisements for four insertions or over.
Transient advertisements always payable quarterly in advance.
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No notices inserted for less than fifty cents.

The Rose.

After a night of crystal rain
Had drenched the hilltop and the plain,
And made the old earth new again.

A rose, unfolding from the sheath
Where she had lain like life in death,
First felt the morning's dewy breath.

While as the vestures of a bride,
And pure as snow at Christmas tide,
She blossomed in her maiden pride.

A pearl lay in her heart, as pale
As moonlight gleaming through a veil,
Or shining on a distant sail.

A poet, you must guess his name—
Along the garden alleys came,
Together with his dreams of fame.

He saw the rose upon the stem;
She bent to kiss his garment's hem,
And lo! her heart's most precious gem.

He passed upon his way to greet
Rich blossoms that around her feet
Let fall their petals hither and yon.

While she sat drooping in the sun
Until the leaf's, one by one,
Had fallen, and her life was done.

The poet's spirit breathes his tale,
And hallowed of all its earthly cares,
Now sings among the morning stars.

The rose, though long ago in dust,
Will, like the memory of the just,
Still blossom in my verse, I trust.

A BRAVE WOMAN.

In spite of the high opinion which we entertain of feminine courage in general, we must be permitted to doubt whether you all, ladies, feel yourselves capable of imitating on a similar occasion the heroine of the following little story, which we can recommend to your attention as entirely true.

Madame Aubrey occupied with her husband a large old house, in the village of D—. This house stood entirely alone, at the foot of an immense garden, far from neighbors, and had no other occupant than Monsieur and Madame Aubrey, their son, an infant of twelve months, and a domestic, recently admitted into their service.

One evening in the month of November Madame Aubrey was awaiting with some anxiety the return of her husband, who had been gone since morning to a town distant a few miles from D—. His business was to collect a debt, and he expected to bring home a large sum of money, and his wife now remembered, with a feeling of uneasiness, that she had seen him arm himself with a pair of pistols. It was about six o'clock, and Madame Aubrey went to her chamber accompanied by the domestic, with the intention of putting her little boy to bed. This apartment, large and high, was situated on the second floor, looking into the garden. The oaken woodwork, turned almost black with age, the old-fashioned furniture of grotesque form and gloomy color, and some family portraits in ancient dress and severe countenances, gave to the room somewhat of a forbidding aspect. A deep alcove beside which was placed the cradle of the infant, occupied nearly all the side of the room opposite to the fireplace. The curtains were drawn across the front, but one corner, having caught upon some article near, was raised sufficiently to show the foot of the bedstead, made of the same dark wood with the rest of the furniture, and carved in the curious figures and grotesque lines in which the artisans of an hundred years back were wont to indulge.

The night was a true November night—black and gloomy, with torrents of rain, which beat continually upon the windows. The trees of the garden, bent by the force of the wind, from time to time drew the finger like ends of their branches across the glass, making a fantastic and melancholy concert, in which mingled no human voice—no sound which promised human aid, should the want be ever so urgent.

Madame Aubrey sat upon a low chair in the corner of the fireplace, holding upon her knees the little boy whom she was nursing, while the servant at the other end of the room executed certain orders of her mistress. A blazing wood fire, aided by a lamp upon the mantle shelf, threw a strong light upon some objects, left others in intense shadow, and upon others again cast a wayward and fitful gleam, which caused them to assume grotesque and unreal forms. The baby had ceased his laughing play and had closed his drooping eyes. The mother threw her eyes toward the cradle to assure herself that all was prepared; at this moment the fire blazed up suddenly and threw a strong light upon the corner of the bed exposed by the lifted curtain. As Madame Aubrey looked, she almost fell from her chair; under the bed, close to the cradle in which she had been about to deposit her sleeping child, she now beheld two great feet, shod in coarse brogans. In an instant the sense of her situation flashed across the mind of the young woman as if shown by a flash of lightning. This hidden man no doubt was a thief, perhaps an assassin. She was alone, without help present or soon to be expected, for her husband was not to return until eight or nine o'clock, and it was now but little past six. What should she do? How should she defend herself?

Madame Aubrey had uttered no cry—she had not even moved, but she feared that the servant, making the same discovery, might not show the same prudence. The thief probably intended to remain in his present position until the middle of the night, then to issue forth and possess himself of the sum brought home by Monsieur Aubrey. But if prematurely discovered, and having no opponents but two women, he would probably make his escape, first securing their silence by their death. Then who knows but the servant herself was an accomplice—suspicious circumstances, hitherto disregarded, returned with renewed violence to the mind of Madame Aubrey. All these thoughts passed through the mind of the young mother in less time than I have occupied in the telling. Before many minutes had elapsed her calmness had entirely returned, and she had decided upon her part in the terrible drama. But she must get rid of the servant.

"You know," said she, without the least faltering of her voice, "you know the dishes which my husband prefers, and I think he will be well pleased to find a good supper ready against his return. I had forgotten to tell you about it before, so go now and begin your preparations and bestow attention upon it."

"But," answered the servant, "shall you not want me here, as usual?" "No, I can do everything myself. Monsieur would be displeased, I am sure, if after his long ride in such weather he should not find a good supper upon his return."

After some attempts at delay, which redoubled in Madame Aubrey an uneasiness which she was obliged to conceal, the girl quitted the chamber. Her footsteps died away upon the stairs, and her mistress found herself alone with her child and those two terrible feet, which, half seen in the now dying light, seemed immovable as the headstall itself. She still remained sitting near the chimney with the baby upon her lap, addressing to him, almost mechanically, careless words, and soothing him to sleep, while her eyes never wandered from the menacing feet. The little fellow, tired of his position, began to cry for his cradle and its soothing motion, but the cradle was close to the alcove—close to my feet. The young mother conquered herself by a violent effort.

"Come then, my child," said she, and rising from her chair, she forced her tottering steps to be firm, and went toward the alcove. Behold her close to the ominous feet! She placed the baby in the cradle, and with a voice which all her resolution could hardly keep from trembling, she commenced to sing her usual lullaby to the unconscious child, and as she sang the idea was ever in her mind that each word might be her last. At last the boy slept soundly, and the mother returned to her seat by the fire.

The clock strikes seven. One hour more and Madame Aubrey may expect deliverance. A deep silence reigned in the chamber. The infant slept peacefully. His mother, her hands copiously clasping each other, her lips apart, her eyes fixed upon the menacing feet, remained immovable as a statue. From time to time, some noise in the garden would cause the heart of the watcher to leap with hope, but it always proved to be the rain, the wind or the shaken trees. It seemed to the unhappy woman that time had stopped, and that she was alone with those haunting feet. Heavens! They move! Is the assassin about to commence his fearful work! But no—it was only a slight movement, induced no doubt by the constrained position. He resumes his immobility.

The half-hour strikes. The anxious watcher could have almost sworn that it was two hours since it struck last; but no, she knows that the clock is faithful, and there is still another weary half-hour before she may expect her deliverance.

Madame Aubrey took a book of religious meditations from the chimney-piece above her head, and attempted to read. Vain effort! Her eyes wandered continually from the page. Suddenly a thought crossed her mind with the sharpness and suddenness of light—if her husband should not return! His parents lived in the village to which he had gone; what more natural than that, seeing the severity of the weather, M. Aubrey should allow himself, by fond persuasions, to be detained until morning! She could neither wonder at nor blame him. But then what would become of herself and the little one dearer than herself?—her brain reeled under the thought. Eight o'clock sounded, and nobody had come. The supposition then was correct: the unhappy woman gave herself up for lost. She was about to seize her child and fly from the room, when a noise resounded from the gravel walk beneath the window. The eager listener dared not trust her ears, she had been so often deceived—but now the door rolled upon its hinges and then fell heavily back in its place. A well-known step gayly ascended the stairs—the chamber door

opened and a man appeared—a man, handsome, strong and vigorous. It was he! At this moment, had M. Aubrey been the ugliest of men—the worst of husbands—he would have assumed, in the eyes of his wife, all the graces, all the virtues imaginable.

He had only paused before to take off his dripping cloak and lay down his pistols. He extended his arms and his wife rushed into them. But immediately recovering herself, she placed one finger on her lips, and with the other hand pointed to the feet.

M. Aubrey would not have been worthy of such a wife if he had failed in decision or any fold. He gave a glance at his wife which said that he understood, and said aloud,—

"One moment, my darling, and I will return; I have left my pocket-book down stairs, and I must show you my riches."

With these words he left the room, but in a moment he returned, holding a pistol in his hand. He examined the lock, approached the bed, stooped down and with his left hand seized one of the two feet, the finger of his right hand resting on the trigger of his pistol.

"Resist, and you are a dead man!" he exclaimed.

The owner of the feet did not seem disposed to risk the event. He suffered himself to be dragged by the foot into the middle of the room, where he disclosed a most villainous face as he crouched before the pistol pointed at his head. On being searched, a dagger was found and newly sharpened. He confessed that the servant was his accomplice, and had told him of the booty which awaited him.

Nothing remained but to deliver both to justice. Madame Aubrey indeed begged her husband to let them escape, but the public interest demanded the sacrifice of private lenity, and they were delivered up. During all this time the unconscious child slept soundly. After some little time Madame Aubrey related the events of the evening.

"I did not think you had been so brave," said her husband, embracing her.

But in spite of her bravery, the events of that night brought on a nervous fever, from which our little heroine did not recover for some weeks.

A Volcanic Eruption in Idaho.

The recent report of volcanic eruption in Idaho Territory is confirmed by an Eastern correspondent who visited the volcano in company with a representative of a Walla Walla newspaper.

As soon from Camas Prairie the column of smoke rising from Mount Lapwai was like that of a steamer beyond the horizon at sea. The mountain is two days' ride from Camas Prairie. Omitting unimportant personal details, the correspondent's account runs as follows:

"About 500 feet below the cone a large column of smoke sprang into the air hundreds of feet and then folded over to the east. Flames shot up to a great height, and a seething flow of lava was at that time rushing down into a small valley to the west and emitting a strong, sickening sulphuric odor, which made it impossible to remain by any length of time. The lava had moved a distance of one mile from the mountain and was gradually making its way toward the Salmon. The neighboring hills were covered with ashes."

The visitors were informed by a Lapwai Indian that the lava flow is intermittent. With the wind on their backs they climbed the cone when the crater was quiet, though greatly disturbed and sickened by the sulphurous odors. The crater was about 500 feet below the rim of the cone, and appeared to be about an acre in extent. When the flow ceased the visitors went down to the edge of the crater, after covering their faces with rubber folds and their eyes with glasses. The heat was great. On one side it was possible to descend twenty feet into the crater without being nauseated, thanks to a favorable wind. The lava poured into the crater from the sides, and when it was full, bubbled over and ran into the valley. The surrounding country is volcanic, and the Indians reported a recent eruption of Mount Lapwai, a large peak a few miles from Mount Lapwai.

The visitors spent twenty minutes in the crater. At 5:45 P. M., the flow began again, and they hastily retreated. Scientific parties were fitting out for Portland, Oregon, to visit the volcano. Mount Lapwai is one of the Blue Mountains, a low range crossed by the Snake River.

The burglar Ben Brown, alias Bob White, now in jail at Charlotte, N. C., awaiting execution for burglary was, it is said, a United States deputy marshal in South Carolina, during reconstruction days, and was one of the most notorious colored political characters in the county during all that dark time.

Worth has caused a war in Paris by his attempt to revive moire antique, as leading inevitably to a resurrection of the much detested crinoline.

POPULAR SCIENCE.

Fishes have hearts resembling those of mollusks.

The pressure of the blood current diminishes from the heart.

Of all animal products used as food sugar is found alone in milk.

In penetrating the earth Prof. Everitt finds that the rise in temperature is more rapid in the older and harder rocks.

The inventor of the screw propeller was the celebrated artist Leonardo di Vinci, and he first applied it to aerial navigation.

The electric light has been successfully introduced in the Mathilde Colliery, in Upper Silesia. The work was done by Siemens & Halske, of Berlin. Prof. James Law, in the Bulletin of the National Board of Health, states that in European Hindoostan variola is so common in pigeons and poultry as to constitute a veritable plague.

To utilize old rubber the pieces are heated in contact with steam, when the sulphur is volatilized and the caoutchouc melts, and is collected as a liquid, used in preparing waterproof covers, etc.

The Japanese telegraph system, established 10 years ago, has now 3,929 miles of line and 9,345 miles of wire. Twenty words are sent 60 miles for less than two cents. Last year the number of messages transmitted was 1,272,756. There are 348 Morse instruments in use, 26 single needle-blocks, and 29 Bell Telephones.

It is sometimes necessary to bore one or more holes in porcelain, but the usual way of doing this is not easy. If, however, an ordinary drill be hardened and kept moist with oil of turpentine it will easily penetrate the porcelain. The drill commonly employed in connection with scroll cutting machines answers very well.

Electricity is now employed in the rectification of inferior alcohol.

Herr Stebler's researches do not confirm the theory that light hinders germination of seeds generally. He admits the probability, however, that light may not be advantageous in the case of seeds that germinate quickly and easily, such as clover, beans, or peas. He says that the germination of certain seeds, especially those of the grasses, will not take place at all or with great difficulty in darkness.

Whom Not To Marry.

Women who love their husbands are happy and at rest. Those who do not are disturbed and restless. They are always seeking for some means of killing time. They are ready to flirt at any moment. Their children are, according to their means, either hidden in nurseries under the care of French bonnes, or handed over to Sally, the slatternly nurse, to shake, and slap, and stuff with sugar, as her wisdom dictates, while society and amusements of all sorts occupy their mother's time. Home is not happy to the poor woman, because she has chosen her mate foolishly—because she trusted to that "love after marriage" which mercenary old people promise those who make what they call a sensible match.

Sad as a neglected wife, who loves her husband well, must be, I believe she is happier than this poor restless creature, though she be worshipped. The love of one we do not love becomes simply a bore, especially in the close intercourse of home life; and she who does not give her heart to her husband is not likely to care much for his children. So, girls, if you do not love your lover, don't marry him. Remember that marriage is a serious step, and that when you give him your hand that he may encircle it with a wedding ring, you seal the happiness or misery of your natural life. Don't marry unless you are sure of your love for him, and his for you.

Comet Racing For The Sun.

Two comets are now approaching the sun, Encke's, which is no stranger, as it revisits us once in every three and a half years, and the new one discovered in the northeast on the night that President Garfield died. Neither is yet visible to the naked eye. Encke's rarely becomes bright enough to be seen with out telescopes, but the new comet has possibilities. It would not be unprecedented if we should have two brilliant comets this year. Two of the grandest comets on record appeared in the year 1402. At the very time that the enormous comet of 1618 was sweeping Europe, another huge comet was visible in the southern hemisphere. It was also a mistake to suppose that 1881 has furnished an unprecedented number of comets. Only four new comets have been discovered this year.

In 1858, the year of the great comet, no less than eight comets were seen, of which six were new ones. In 1846 there were nine comets visible, of which eight had never been seen before. There have been many years in which four and five comets had been seen. So, whatever may be claimed for 1881 on account of its other marvels, it certainly does not yet take the front rank as a comet year.

All About Dolls.

None of the millions of China and wax dolls which are sold annually in the United States are manufactured here. Germany, England and France supply the world with dolls, and the manufacture or control of the same is in such a small number of hands that they can manipulate the market to a great degree, and can create great famines or run corners to suit their convenience or profit.

Go into one of the great toy establishments, and while rows of patterns will be found of the most exquisite cast and feature that one can conceive; faces that seem unparalleled for beauty; yet, these models are the exact counterparts of little children, which the maker has found in some country or clime. It is his duty to examine the successive generations of the human race, and select the most beautiful for reproduction in wax and plaster. The models originate all new fashions in dolls. Fashion in dolls one exclaims. Yes, dolls are as changeable in style as the modern woman. The modelers are scientifically exact in reproducing and molding the facial expression.

The artizan sometimes gets into trouble. It is related that one of the profession saw a child of surpassing beauty in the street. It had a more exquisite cast of countenance than he had ever before seen. When no one was looking he coaxed the child a short distance, and rapidly repaired with it to his quarters. It was not long before the country was aroused over the mysterious disappearance. Rewards were freely offered for the recovery of the child, and threats against the abductor. Meantime he fashioned a model of more than rare beauty, and, fearing the consequences of abduction, he dispatched the child. The dolls were manufactured and sent to many countries, meeting with a remarkable sale. One day a detective discovered the face of the lost child stamped on a doll in a toy store. The whole matter at once dawned upon him, and the guilty person was traced out and punished.

The wax dolls are, of course, the finest. It requires great skill to make them. The material is sold to workmen who have models at home. A figure is first made out of lime and plaster of Paris. The eyes, nose and mouth are then cut out with a knife. The figure is then dipped in red-hot wax and dried. The doll is next painted, after which it is sent to the hairdresser to finish, and finally given to girls to dress. A good quality of doll will have a thick coating of wax. Cheaply made wax dolls invariably crack in cold weather. The wax which is used comes from bees and "perfum." There are whole villages in Germany which do nothing else but make dolls, of which Stoneburg is the most famous.

China dolls are made in factories. They are first modeled, and burned in ovens. After this process they are removed, painted and glazed. This operation involves a great risk. Suppose 5,000 to be in the oven at one time. No matter how much time there is given in baking, they are liable to come out in all sorts of shapes, from which perhaps, but 1,000 first-class specimens will be secured. If the tender sleep a wink or be inattentive the whole lot may come out bungled. What becomes of the spoiled ones? They are sold to cheap stores, which retail them as first-class at an enormous profit to a victimized public. They may be found flooding the fairs and similar resorts. People who want good dolls can only find them at first-class establishments. The poor goods generally have black spots, or a flaw in the shape. Dolls are found in eighteen different sizes. Number eighteen is very large and requires a strong child to carry it. One factory in Germany owns six ovens, into which 150,000 dolls can be baked at once.

It requires one week to bake them properly and the fires must be kept going day and night. They require constant care. If a draft of air be admitted, or if a certain temperature is not kept up, the result will be disastrous. The doll manufacturers in Germany alone employ 200,000 people. The finest dolls, however, emanate from Paris. One firm in Germany has been in operation 125 years, and is the oldest in the world. There are now said to be one thousand different models for dolls. There was such enormous demand in 1870 that an actual famine occurred and the American foreign supply was cut off.

Thrilling Incident: Adolphus' courage was up. Falling on his knees he cried: "Angelina, dearest, make me the happiest of men by accepting my heart and hand." Casting one look at the great paw Angelina thrilled in every fibre as she replied sweetly: "Oh, Adolphus, this is more than I expected."

A prominent clergyman, being asked why he accepted the call (of many) with the largest salary, replied that "he desired to go where there was the most sin—consequently located where the money was most plenty."

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April 25-17

Superstitions of Scotch Fishermen.

Besides those superstitions common to all Scotland, there are beliefs current among the fisher part of the population which seem to be peculiar to themselves. Fishermen and sailors are proverbially superstitious, and those of the east of Scotland are no exception to this general rule. Great ceremonies were observed at the launching of a new boat, and the greatest care had to be avoided doing anything that might bring ill-luck to the boat or the fishing. The boats were liable to be affected by an evil eye or an ill foot, like any land undertaking, but there were evil influences to be dreaded that were local in their application. For instance it was believed to be unlucky to have a white stone among the ballast, but this was only in some villages. Great care had to be taken to avoid any one who was believed to have an "ill-foot," and, if any one got this reputation, he was dreaded and shunned by all his neighbors. There is an amusing story told of two men in one village who both had the unenviable distinction of having an ill-foot without being themselves conscious of it. They both set out early to arouse the village for the fishing, and each meeting the other and knowing his ill-repute, they both turned back, so that a fine morning's fishing was lost to the village. Indeed there were so many untoward circumstances that might prevent the success of the fishing that it is quite a marvel how they ever contrived to catch any fish at all. When we read that a fisherman would have returned, under fear of being drowned, if any one asked him where he was going as he went down to his boat, one cannot but wonder how he ever contrived to elude that very natural inquiry. Older still was the ban put on certain words, as will be seen from the following extracts from McGregor's "Folk-lore": "When at sea the words 'minister,' 'kirk,' 'twine,' 'salmon,' 'trout,' 'dog,' and certain family names were never pronounced by the inhabitants of some of the villages, each village, having an aversion to one or more of the words. When the word 'kirk' had to be used, and there was often occasion to do so, from several of the churches being used as landmarks, the word 'bell-house,' or 'bell-house,' was substituted. The minister was called 'the man wi' the black quyte.' A minister in a boat at sea was looked upon with much misgiving. He might be another Jonah. * * * It was accounted unlucky to utter the word 'sow' or 'twine or pig,' particularly during the time when the line was being baited; it was sure to be lost if any one was unwise enough to speak the banned word. In some of the villages on the coast of Fife, if the word is mentioned in the hearing of a fisherman, he cries out 'Cold iron.' Even in church the words are uttered when the clergyman reads the miracle about the Gaderine swiney.—Saturday Review.

Too Old.

Mr. and Mrs. Jones were starting for church. "Wait, dear," said the lady, "I've forgotten something; won't you be good, now, and go up-stairs and get my goats off the bureau?" "Your goats!" replied Jones; "what new-fangled thing's that?" "I'll show you," remarked the wife, and she sailed up the stairs, and down again with a pair of kids on her hands; "there they are," said she. "Why, I call those things kids," said the surprised husband. "Oh, do you?" snapped the wife. "Well, so did I once, but they are so old now, I'm ashamed to call them anything but goats."

Then they went to church. The next day Jones' wife had half a dozen pairs of new gloves in a handsome lacquered box of the latest design.

Governor Roberts, of Texas, exercises a personal supervision of the prisoners in the State penitentiary. Most of them, he says, are young men from the North-west, East and North, who, having strayed from home restraints, have fallen into bad company and got into trouble. He tells them that good conduct will shorten their terms, and, if they behave themselves piously, them out.

An old man at Louisville attempted to kick his wife, but losing his balance, toppled over and was killed by the fall.

THE HERALD

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ITEMS OF INTEREST.

It is a curious arrangement that compels people to go to bed at night when they are not sleepy, and get up in the morning when they are.

In Dallas, Texas, a woman is gradually being converted into a petrification. Her feet and hands are already as hard as stone.

General Wallace, our minister to Turkey, drank coffee with the Sultan. The cups were without handles, and were crested with diamonds.

We have seen ladies who were unimpairedly shocked at the sight of a man in his shirt sleeves; and their own arms were bare almost to the shoulders! Women are strange creatures.

Thirteen female physicians are practicing in Clayton, Iowa, and at a recent fire there were not well men enough in the town to run the engine out. It is one grand incorporated hospital.

Detectives are still busy at Washington trying to find out the size of Hoggate's defalcation, but it doesn't seem to have occurred to any of them to try and find Hoggate.—Philadelphia Times.

A Southern journal says this year's rice crop in the Gulf states will reach one hundred and fifty million bushels. It is predicted that the rice industry will soon rival that of sugar growing in Louisiana.

Two young ladies in Gaudaloupe, Cal., doing all the work on the weekly paper called the Telegraph, from writing editorials, working at the press, down to mailing and serving subscribers with their papers. The young ladies are said, moreover, not to be at all masculine, but are gentle and fair to look upon.

Hereditary Criminals.

"Heredity" comes out strong in case of criminals—stronger, perhaps, than in case of saints. For the offspring of saints are often far from saint-like, while the children of burglars and other criminals are almost sure to pay their ancestors the honor of imitating them. A few days ago in a New York criminal court George Lyons, a slender youth of 17, was brought up for sentence for an attempt to commit burglary, he having been once in the County Penitentiary. "Lyons," the Recorder said, "your father is in State Prison, I believe?" "This is my case, Judge, not my father's," the hardened youth replied bluntly. "Your mother is also in State Prison?" "Yes she is," "You are come of a bad stock. I am informed," the Recorder went on. "I suppose I do," Lyons answered. The Judge remarked that Lyons wanted to go to State Prison, as a graduation, but that he should allow him one more chance for reformation and send him to the Elmira Reformatory under charge of Mr. Brockway. "You'd better have me hung, Judge," was the sullen reply. He expressed, however, some dread of the discipline of the reformatory on his way there. His father is not Lyons, the desperate burglar, who has been sick of a wound in Connecticut and has now gone to the State prison there. His mother, Lyons' wife, is not by any means unknown in these parts, although her son is mistaken in thinking that she is just at this moment in prison. She happens to be out just now. Young Lyons is the leader of a gang of sneak thieves in New York, and Mr. Brockway can vary his own patent reformatory plan on him.—Detroit Free Press.